

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOL XXII.

No. 2.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1900.

For One Day Only.

ON

SATURDAY, JAN. 6TH,

200 PAIRS

Stacy Adams & Co's

SAMPLES

Men's Fine Shoes

In Blacks and Tans, all shapes and styles. Sizes 6, 6 1/2, and 7, on A. B. and C widths.

Worth \$5.00 & \$6.00

FOR

\$3.50.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO,

All Kinds of Hats.

FOR

All Kinds of Heads.

We are offering some

Exceptional Values in Hats.

This line as well as all others has advanced in price, but we bought this stock very cheap

For The Cash.

and are selling hats at less than we could buy them for to-day.

Burnett & Quarles.

Successors to

PETREE & COMPANY.

Sign of the Big Boot.

ORGANIZED.

Legislature Ready For Business With Good Men on Deck.

South Trimble Elected Speaker In the House—Other Officers.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 2.—The General Assembly was organized to-day by the Democrats, every nominee of last night's caucuses being elected in the Senate and House by the party vote.

In the organization of the Senate, Messrs. Hays, Alexander, Gillespie and Roberts, who remained out of the Senate caucus, voted for the Democratic nominees, except that Senator Roberts did not vote for Senator Goebel for President pro tem.

The Senators were called to order at 12 o'clock by Acting Lieut. Gov. John Marshall, of Louisville. There was prayer by the Rev. P. F. Talafero, of the Methodist church. The roll call showed the presence of thirty-six senators, but Senator Roberts came in later. Eighteen new senators were sworn in by Clerk Cromwell.

President Marshall called for nominations for the Senate offices, and by a vote of 25 to 12 the Democratic nominees were elected. Senators Alexander, Gillespie and Hays, who stayed out of the Democratic caucus last night, voted with the Democrats for every nominee.

By the vote of 25 to 12 the following officers were elected:

Chief Clerk—Claude Desha, of Harrison county.

Assistant Clerk—William Cromwell, of Franklin.

Enrolling Clerk—Mrs. Caswell Bennett, of Lyon county.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Ben Hensley, of Pendleton.

Doorkeeper—J. F. Richardson, of Daviess.

Janitor—Tom McLaughlin, of Fayette.

Cloak-room Keeper—J. R. Catlett, of Caldwell.

Pages—Garth Ferguson, of McCracken; George Norris, of Garrard; Goleman Malloy, of Lyon.

President pro tem.—William Goebel, of Kenton.

The House was organized by the Democrats.

Nominations for Speaker being in order, Mr. G. W. Hickman, of McLean county, presented the name of Mr. South Trimble, of Franklin county, Mr. R. W. Slack, of Owenton, presented the name of Mr. W. P. Haswell, of Breckinridge county. For speeches were made and the vote was taken, resulting in 57 for Trimble and 40 for Haswell.

All the Democratic caucus nominations went through by a party vote. For Chief Clerk, Mr. Ed. O. Leigh, of Paducah, defeated Mr. C. F. Ogden, of Louisville. For Assistant Clerk, Mr. Henry Williams, of Bowling Green, defeated Mr. Thomas Finley, of Hopkins county. For Enrolling Clerk, Miss Margaret Ingels, of Bourbon county, defeated Mr. A. S. Bennett, of Ohio county. For Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Percy Haly, of Frankfort, defeated Mr. G. P. Thomas, of Trigg county. For Doorkeeper, William Lyons, of Jessamine county, defeated James Stubbsfield, of Clay county. For Janitor, W. H. Snodgrass, of Mercer county, defeated Sanders Fish, of Rockcastle county. For Cloakroom Keeper, George Kendrick, of Campbell county, defeated Thomas C. Whitney, of Christian county. For Assistant Cloakroom Keeper, Harris Alexander defeated Gibb McNutt, of Grayson county. For pages, Charles Parish, of Clark; Chester Stacy, of Knott; Elmer Wilson, of Union, and William Peak, of Trimble.

Given 30 Days.

Amos Rives, Henry Wheeler and Ned Campbell, all colored, were convicted in the County Court Wednesday of stealing coal from L. N. cars, and each was given 30 days in the work house.

JOHN H. WITTY.

After a Lingering Illness, Called to World Beyond.

Mr. John H. Witty, who with his family moved to this city from Hopkinsville some two or three months since and went to housekeeping at 607 Lower Elm street, died yesterday. Mr. Witty has been an invalid for some years past and his death was by no means unexpected. He was born and raised in Christian county, and a few days past reached his 66th year of age. A wife and five children, three of whom Edward S., Wm. B., and Grace, reside in Henderson, survive him. The funeral will take place from the family residence this afternoon at 3 o'clock.—Sunday's Gleam.

BASE INGRATITUDE

To the Browne-Kukluxers—Louisville Republican Organ Attacks Its Late Allies.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 3.—The Republican leaders are up in arms over an editorial which appeared in their official organ, the Louisville Commercial, this morning under the heading, "Kentucky Scandalized by its Kuklux Democracy." The article attacks the Brown bolters as well as the regular Democrats. Judge W. H. Sneed, a local Republican, is circulating a petition, gotten up, he says, by ex-Gov. Bradley, repudiating the attack on the bolters. "The Commercial," said Judge Sneed, "does not represent the Republican party in Kentucky, and is less in sympathy with it now than ever before."

TWO LADY TEACHERS.

Honored by The State Education- al Association.

At the Kentucky Educational Association-meeting in Louisville last week, Christian County had half a dozen or more teachers present.

Two of the Hopkinsville teachers were honored with places in the list of officers elected.

Miss Katie McDaniel was elected First Vice President of the Association and Miss Alice Lander Secretary of the High School Department.

JOE'S ALL RIGHT.

Now Let Goebel Be Given His Seat As Governor.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 3.—The Republicans have not decided when they will hold their senatorial caucus, but it is now certain that a Republican will be nominated in view of the failure of the anti-Goebel leaders to hold any considerable number of Democrats out of the Blackbury caucus.

Senator McConnell, Populist, who did not participate with the Democrats last night, will vote for Blackbury, and with his vote, Blackbury, according to the showing of tonight's caucus, will have 82 votes to 64 Republican or 56 Republican and anti-Blackbury Democrats combined. The election will occur Jan. 16.

LEAVELL'S RECORD.

Two Years' Work in The City Judge's Office.

City Judge Buckner Leavell has made a record in two years, of which he may justly feel proud. The following statement shows the figures:

Total amount of fines imposed for two years ending Dec.

31.....\$2,769.77

Cash collected on fines.....\$2,935.79

Worked out in the workhouse.....\$4,222.33

Fines remitted.....\$1,458.25

Paid city judge's cost.....\$29.70

Outstanding fines.....\$2,423.70

Number of persons sent to the workhouse.....\$26

The city is fortunate in having Judge Leavell secure in his office for at least two more years.

Is Now Capt. Butt.

Mr. A. W. Butt, the Washington correspondent of several Southern newspapers, and a former resident of Louisville, has been appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster in the United States volunteer army. Capt. Butt will be assigned to duty in the Philippines.

YESTERDAY THE DAY

For Drawing Contest Committee in The Legislature.

Goebel And Beckham Filed Notice Tuesday on Taylor And Marshall.

ARE FIREBUGS ABOUT?

Another Stable Burned In a Mysterious Way.

The new fire company had its first experience shortly after noon Wednesday. Mrs. Mattie Lowry's stable at 927 South Main Street was burned and the Bethel College stable close by were saved just in time.

Only a few of the firemen were experienced men, Chief Atkinson and Firemen Roper, Western and Teamster Morris, the three members of the old force re-elected, had to do most of the work and after considerable delay and several unavoidable hitches water was turned on.

The college stable was already on fire, but this was soon put out. The Lowry stable was totally destroyed. The Edmunds stable was saved from catching, though it was badly scorched. Mrs. Lowry carried \$75 insurance, which will not cover the loss.

It is believed that the stable was fired by a negro boy, who was seen running out the back street just before the alarm was turned in. There was no fire anywhere near the stable.

BASS SHOE CO.

New Corporation Succeeds The Hopkinsville Mercantile Co.

The Hopkinsville Mercantile Company has been changed into the Bass Shoe Co., the articles of incorporation being filed a few days ago.

Mr. A. S. Cox and Mr. J. W. Warfield became interested in the new corporation and Mr. T. E. Johnson retires. Mr. Johnson will devote his entire time to the jobbing business, which has grown to an extent that keeps him on the road most of the time. Messrs. Cox and Warfield will be the active managers of the new company, with Mr. O. L. Bass as the President.

The Company is preparing to widen out its business and enter the new year with fine prospects.

GONE TO FLORIDA.

Julian Fishing and Hunting Club Take an Outing.

The Julian Fishing and Hunting Club left this city yesterday for Port St. Joe, Florida, where they will camp for about a month.

Following is a list of those who made up the party. G. H. Stowe, Dr. H. P. Sights, Monroe Dalton, E. A. Stowe; John W. Twyman, W. D. Stowe, Thos. W. Long, and H. M. Dalton, all of this city and county, and John Street and Horace Rutherford, of Elkhorn, They will be joined at Jacksonville, Fla., by L. H. Petree, of this city.

FELL IN A FAINT.

Visiting Lady Found Unconscious at B. F. College.

Mrs. Grimshaw, mother of Miss Grimshaw, Music Teacher at Bethel Female College, arrived in the city some days ago on a visit to her daughter.

Yesterday morning she was found in her daughter's room, lying on the hearth in an unconscious condition, having fallen in a fainting spell. A physician was summoned and after some hours the lady was restored to consciousness. She was better last evening, but still very ill.

TOM BRYAN DEAD.

Young Man Who Was Born and Bred Here.

Mr. Thos. Bryan, son of Mr. Thos. S. Bryan, of this city, died Saturday. Mr. Bryan went to St. Louis to attend the funeral and burial of his son, who was raised in this city. He had lived in St. Louis for over 20 years. He left no family.

LETTER OF REFUSAL.

"I come on."

The captain from behind which the curtains moved shook a little, but no one appeared.

"I am at the easel painted away, busily, putting in a sunset sky with strong, even strokes.

"When our forefathers signed the declaration of independence 120 years ago," he began.

"I am."

A face made its appearance at the parting of the curtains, a face framed in a dark, wavy hair, with big, shining eyes, made soft by long curling lashes, and a red, red mouth, just now drooping pitifully at the corners.

"They made all men free and equal," proceeded the man, never once looking up, "and since then a lot of ladies with abbreviated hair and petticoats have been struggling to make their sex independent—and with considerable success."

"Don't be horrid," pleaded the red mouth, accented by the shining eyes.

"Therefore, I was about to say," he went on calmly, "I don't see how I can hope to prevent you from coming in, if you choose to do so."

She stepped inside, but did not advance into the room.

"I know you're going to be horrid," she said, plainly.

He laid down his brush, and, turning at last, surveyed her deliberately as she stood, her slender shape outlined against the curtains. They were burlap curtains, which she had painted a dull brick red ("Pompeian red," she called it), and which she had ornamented with a Greek border in yellow floss and hung in the doorway herself, in spite of his scoffing and herald protests.

They were pretty bad, those curtains, but whatever their limitations from an esthetic point of view, they certainly made an effective background for the white-robed figure, and his eyes lingered approvingly on the picture a moment before he said, severely:

"What have you been doing?"

"Why, the idea!" she exclaimed, indignantly drawing her figure up to its full height and flashing a protesting glance at him from under her long lashes.

"I notice that you generally take it for granted I'm going to be horrid when you've been particularly horrid yourself," he observed, blandly.

She did not reply to this daring remark, but, crossing the room to the mantel, carefully selected an especially ugly building pipe from the collection it contained. This she filled, with practiced fingers, from a battered tobacco jar that stood near, and then, crossing to the easel, offered it to the man with a most bewitching little air of coaxing humility.

"My dear young woman," he cried, twirling the offering away sternly, "do I look like a man who would accept a bribe? Do my features bear the imprint of vulnerable virtue, that you should seek to gain my favorable judgment for your nefarious goings-on by such a palaver?"

He said no more, for just then the stem of the pipe was dexterously interlocked between his teeth, and, deftly striking a match on the broad sole of the shoe conveniently presented to her by the careless attitude of its owner, the girl applied it to the tobacco in the pipe bowl.

In spite of himself, he closed his teeth on the stem and drew a long breath, and as the first cloud of aromatic vapor rose to his nostrils his features relaxed.

"Well, who is it?" he asked, as the girl settled herself on a hassock and fixed her eyes on him appealingly.

"It's—Himdale," she replied, dolefully.

"Himdale. Why, I thought we'd disposed of Himdale three weeks ago, and since then—let me see—there was Smith and Devereux and—how many others?"

"Oh, never mind the others," she cried, petulantly. "It's Himdale

"I think—I think we had—just—just that little I wrote—"

"Ah, did you write to me?" he asked, putting a big hand over his sunset and watching the feet of its rapidness through the clouds of grayish vapor with artist's delighted appreciation of color.

"Oh, well—the letter you wrote, then," she said. "Though I'm sure you didn't do it all; you only helped me."

"Oh, yes," he answered, indolently. "But—Himdale—he's broken out again."

"Yes, worse than ever," and she sighed dismally, "and I want you to help me write him another letter—than that will fix it so he'll understand there's no hope—no possibility—of my ever being anything more to him—" here she floundered and broke quite down.

"Can't do it to-day," he said, dolefully. "I've got to get this picture done to-morrow—order, you know—and it'll be a scratch if I manage to do it. It means painting all night as it is."

"Oh, John, you must!" she cried, eagerly. "I've just got to send it to him this afternoon by a messenger boy or he'll be sure to come up to-night and make a scene or something besides."

"No, it's no go," he said, cruelly, taking up his brush. "You'll have to get rid of him somehow and come to-morrow—"

"But, oh, John!" she cried out, tears coming to her eyes, "I can't come to-morrow. Aunt Maria has issued her commands—the fist has gone forth—I'm forbidden to come here any more."

"The deuce you are!" And he laid down his brush and faced quiet, around in his astonsilcum.

"Yes," she replied, furtively drying a tear on one of the ends of the muslin sash. (Jean never could find her handkerchief, being always without pockets.) "She says it's all well enough for me to take painting lessons of you, though everybody knows I never could learn to paint. Aunt Maria is so ignorant about such things, you know."

"Yes, I know." Blowing a ring of smoke ceilingward to hide a little smile.

"And she doesn't mind my having a studio, if I'll fix one up at home, but she doesn't think it looks well for me to have one in this building and run in and out of here all the time—and so I've got to move to-morrow."

This time she forgot to dry the tear, and it ran furiously down her cheek and fell with a splash on a study of the head of John the Baptist lying on the floor.

For a moment there was silence, then John suddenly pushed back his easel and pulled a writing tablet toward him.

"Well, if you can't come to-morrow, I suppose I'll have to help you write your letter to-day," he said, but there was an unnatural sound in his voice, and Jean looked up hastily through her tears.

John's face was grimly set, however, and told her nothing.

"Let me see—it was Himdale, I think you said"—he went on, still with the grating sound in his voice.

"Yes," she said, miserably, again having recourse to the crumpled sash. "And I think we told him, in our last, that we'd be a sister to him," he proceeded, nibbling the end of his pipe.

"Something of that sort." And she flushed warmly, clear up to the early waves of dark hair on her temples.

"Evidently the 'sister' racket won't go down with Himdale," he said, reflectively. "You might offer to be his maiden aunt, you know."

"There! I knew you'd be horrid!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"It's a delicate job," he went on, reflectively. "Are you quite sure you mean to refuse him this time?"

"Of course I am!" she burst out indignantly. "You don't suppose I could care for a boy like him, do

I am."

The silence in the room could have been cut with a knife when John concluded his reading and laid the epistle back on the table.

Jean stood rigid, gazing with a fixed and haughty stare at some point on the wall above John's head, when he turned and confronted her with a little embarrassment as he would have shown in facing a new pupil.

"Well, what do you think of me?" he asked, coolly.

"I think—I think we had—just—just that little I wrote—"

"Ah, did you write to me?" he asked, putting a big hand over his sunset and watching the feet of its rapidness through the clouds of grayish vapor with artist's delighted appreciation of color.

"Oh, well—the letter you wrote, then," she said. "Though I'm sure you didn't do it all; you only helped me."

"Oh, indeed!" she exclaimed, flushing one more.

"Yes. He's a dreamer, you know

an idealist and it seems to me some angelic creature a little too pure and good for human nature's daily food, and that sort of thing, would be more in his line than a little human bundle of naughtiness like you," went on John, cheerfully. "You'd make a fellow like Himdale unutterably miserable, you know."

"You're very kind," exclaimed Jean, crimson with vexation. "But I shall not make Mr. Himdale miserable. I have not the slightest intention of ever doing so."

"Ah!" replied John, coolly. "Then the sooner we write this letter the better. Now—what do you want to say to him?"

"Oh!" she cried, struggling with her anger. "You are so disagreeable, I hate you—but I've got to have somebody to help me with that letter."

"Of course. And you really want to refuse him—for good and all?"

"Certainly I do. I want him to understand definitely that there is absolutely no hope of my ever caring for him—in the way he means—and once more she broke down, blushing but defiant.

"There's only one way to make a man understand that," said John, meditatively.

"Anything—so long as he understands and leaves off being—being silly," she cried, impatiently.

John made no reply to this, but after a moment's deep thought commenced to write rapidly.

Five minutes passed, during which John's pen scratched indistinctly over the paper and Jean sat bolt upright on her hassock, staring at the picture on the canvas. It was a pale, watery sunset that shed green gleams of light on a wide, lonely landscape, in the center of which a woman stood alone, gazing with desolate, hopeless eyes at the retreating figure of a man on horseback. It was painted with inimitable skill and a strange wild power that had made John Steele the most famous of the younger school of painters. What an artist he was, and what a friend he had been to her! And now she must go away and perhaps never see him again, except in the class with the others. All those hours of merry comradeship were over—never to come again; all the sweet work and play together. A great sob came up in her throat, but just then John threw down the pen and she clutched back the sob, and, rising, reached out her hand for the letter.

But he did not give it to her, as she expected.

"It is a difficult thing to do," he said. "To make a man understand that no matter how much he cares for you, you can never care for him."

"Yes, I suppose it is," she assented. "But you have done it, I'm sure."

"Indeed, I may say there's only one way to convince a fellow of such an unpleasant fact," he went on.

"But you employed it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes. You may think it an extreme measure, though. I'll read to you what I did."

"Evidently the 'sister' racket won't go down with Himdale," he said, reflectively. "You might offer to be his maiden aunt, you know."

"There! I knew you'd be horrid!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

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"Jean!" came a voice suddenly from behind the burlap curtain. It sounded like the clinking of iron in a pitcher.

"Aunt Maria!" gasped Jean, in horror.

"Oh, come in, Miss Chester," said John, drawing aside the Pompeian red draperies. "We were just going to find you and ask you to come to our wedding to-morrow at 12."

"Jean—what does this mean? Why didn't you tell me this before?" exclaimed Aunt Maria, aghast.

"I thought I ought to consult John before I told you," said naively Jean.

Edgar Temple Field, in Chicago Times-Herald.

"My dear girl, my goodness, what you do! I'm afraid you're making me nervous again. It's bad for you to be nervous, and the last time I was nervous I had a bad attack of heart trouble."

With great difficulty John turned to leave the room, but soon saw he was at the door before her, with his arms outstretched.

"You're not going to leave me, little Jean," he cried. "I can never get along without you any more, for oh, I love you—I love you—I love you!"

A second time she stood hesitating, then, with a little sigh, she went to him and burst out crying comfortably on his shoulder.

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MONUMENTS.

The White Bronze Monument.

Appropriate in color, never tarnishes, chips or cracks, old science in the search for something that would stand the frost of the climate or for monumental purposes has at last found it in the White Bronze. It stands every wish to be held.

It is a beauty to be held. It will propagate the memory of loved ones, that future generations may know these noble acts of kindness upon the graves after we have gone to our reward.

B. J. Murphy, Agt., Pembroke, Ky.

Also Agent for Planters Insurance Co., Cheap Reliable Insurance rates.

SEND NO MONEY

With your order, on this or any other order, send us airmail postage.

We will send you airmail postage.

Billousness

If you get up with a headache? If you have a poor appetite and feel languid? If you get but little benefit from medicine? That is the cause of that trouble? Consulted now.

Ayer's PILLS

Will give you prompt relief and continue care, 25cts. a box. All druggists. **Send Your Blood Paper.** It will help to support your health. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** also, it will remove all impurities and help you to become strong and healthy. Price, \$1.00 a bottle. **J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.**

The white woman is the only person who has ever borne the white man's burden with commendable patience and intelligence.

He Had cause to rejoice.

"A young man came into our store yesterday suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, a wretched Hoss, taller and general more ant, Dickey's Mountain, Pa. "He had tried various home remedies without relief. As I had used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I gave him a dose and it soon brought him out all right. I never saw a fellow so rejoiced." Sold by R. C. Hardwick, Druggist.

The pleasures attained without labor are of short duration.

Terter, Salt-Ebnum and Ebnum.

The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases, instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been immediately cured by it. It is especially efficacious for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, from bites and chronic sores. 25cts. per box. For sale by R. C. Hardwick.

The majority of the presidential bonds are still-born.

R. C. Hardwick guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for a gripe, a common cold, a cough and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency to a cold to result in pneumonia. Sold by R. C. Hardwick.

Honesty is the best policy—out-of-date of politics.

In pulmonary trouble, the direct action of COUSSEN'S HONEY OF TAR upon the throat, chest and lungs, immediately arrest the malady, by relieving the distress, exciting the phlegm and freeing the vocal and breathing organs. Price 25 and 50 cents. R. C. Hardwick.

There seems to have been a mis- understanding about the old lady who kissed the cowslips.

The worst after effects of Influenza arise from deranged functions of the liver. Clear the blood at once with HERBINE, for it will strengthen the liver to withdraw from circulation the bilious poisons. Price 50 cents. R. C. Hardwick.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, will find a valuable remedy in BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT; it will banish pains and subdue inflammation. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Be careful that you don't do right in the wrong way.

Coughs and colds are unheeded, but you can quickly get rid of them with a few doses of Cousen's Honey of Tar. Price 25 and 50 cents. R. C. Hardwick.

When the office seeks the man it doesn't look far him on the street corner.

Educate Your Boys with Cigarettes. Caudy Cigarettes, cure constipation forever. 10cts. 25cts. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Meu who claim to be paramount are equally considerable below a hundred cents on the dollar in the opinion of others.

Gus Young

will move his stock of hardware, iron and oils into the implement house on Sixth street, next to Peter McPherson's block.

For Rent.

Two-story dwelling, and out-buildings, on corner Seventeenth and Main. Eight rooms, and will surround. Apply to J. C. McPherson.

It is hard to keep people who jump over the fence.

The Loving of Betty

By Clara Sherman

DORA did not like usually to go to the movies, but she had to, however, for her mother forced her to, as she used to say in curious imitation of the talk of older girls. Dora was 12 years old and had been downtown so many times that there was no longer any novelty in it; while Betty was only five, and had hardly ever been at the movies. Her mother proposed the trip one fine October evening, both little girls were excited, Betty on general principles and Dora because she liked to select her own ribbons, and also because she wanted to see this display window at the grand's store.

"The girls were talking about it as school girls said," said Harriet Graham said. "I just must go down. Each day they fit up the window differently. Yesterday it was a kitchen, and Harriet said there was a little girl in it who played cook. She swept the room, and she cooked things on the stove, and she washed the dishes in the deepest dish pan and dried them on pink-and-white glass towels. Day before yesterday, when Lillian saw it, it was a parlor, and the little girl played she was a lady and wore a long dress and did all sorts of things."

That was very exciting for Betty, and it was a great treat to her. She had a good time, rode through the subway, which still seemed to Betty like some mysterious, enchanted cave, and started on the brief tour of inspection and shopping which Mrs. Warren had planned. They bought Betty's shoes and hat and Dora's ribbons and gloves. It was a happy day, but the window, which, in the mind of the children, was their chief goal, it equalled and even surpassed their hopes.

"There, now, Betty Warren!" said Dora. "Did you ever in your life see anything sweater than that? Look at the girl in the nursery, she is dressed like a princess today, taking care of the children! Look at the twin brass beds, and that precious cradle with the fluffy pillows and the silk coverlet! Don't you wish you could be an advertisement little girl, and do nothing but play with such lovely things?"

Betty was talking about the delights of the nursery, and had no words of comment ready yet.

The wide window was furnished like a small room, and the little girl, who was just then making up a bed, was just about Betty's size.

Very curiously she looked in her nursery—

and then, with a swift turn, turned back to the window.

Her mother was watching her with a smile, and the window was fascinating; but the crowning charm here, as in every real nursery, was the children it contained—the doll figures which seemed to give the tiny nursery so much care. She could not understand the meaning of the little instructions given by those who knew better—dressed and undressed the dolls, that took the place of older children, showed a black Dina how to put a log properly in the grate fire, and once she even found it necessary to make the little boy stand by the corner to help her to his sister.

Mrs. Warren and Dora both gazed with great interest, and Betty was wholly absorbed. "Oh, what a happy little girl she must be!" she murmured, softly.

"I don't know about that," said her mother. "It must be hard for a girl to be a princess all the time, and I don't know if it's comfortable."

Dora does over her arithmetic problems. I think this crowd of persons looking at her would make her nervous. I feel sorry for the little thing."

"Well, anyway, mamma, they draw the curtain every little while, and they have to be a princess over again."

They stopped for an ice cream soda before taking the car for home, and it was here that Mrs. Warren met an old friend of hers with her daughter Lillian.

"It is the greatest piece of good fortune that I have ever had," said Mrs. Warren. "I have just been trying to get you to the telephone."

"Dora does over her arithmetic problems. I think this crowd of persons looking at her would make her nervous. I feel sorry for the little thing."

"When Betty has a gentle story and told her name, the gentle story and her name, and then she has to be a princess again."

She lifted her carefully to the big window seat. "They'll find her quicker there than anywhere else," he said. "Besides, it will please her, and her mother is one of our best customers. It isn't a bad advertisement, indeed, to have a little girl in the window."

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CURED as by magic with Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. You can feel safe if you have this great remedy in your home. One dose will usually cure the baby and insure you and the child a good night's sleep. No other remedy will do so much. The cure is wonderful. Buy a bottle and have it always on hand. The child is usually attacked at midnight when the doctor and druggist are asleep. It will save you many an unpleasant trip. For sale by all druggists. 25 and 50 cent bottles. Be sure and get the **real** Dr. OTTO'S SPRUCE GUM BALSAM.



EXPECTANCY.

Keep courage and wait, for the onslaught of winter is past. And the moon will shine high over the hills and the moon will arise from the chill and the shade. That the world may arrive on with a smile. The present—its nothing. The light ahead, And this moment, with sorrow as we grieve, Will be swiftly forgot, 'mid the joys to be spread—To-morrow—or day after next.

—Washington Star.

No matter how long you have waited to see the prize which your fancy holds dear, The day yet to come has been over the horizon.

A beacon resplendent with cheer, Toll on. We are sure to strike it at last. And, by to-morrow no longer perplexed, We will be at peace. We will smile at the past.

To-morrow—or day after next.

—Washington Star.

THE BROKEN CIRCUIT

By C. T. JACKSON.

The "troubleman" sat on the wash bench on the sunny side of the operator's shack at Van Dorn's, listening to the drip of water from great drifts of snow that crested the cabin and gazing over the valley and all the country, which, buried by the four days' April blizzard, glared in white splendor that pained the troubleman's eyes. Van Dorn's camp was the temporary terminus of the new railroad. Since the close of tracklaying in the previous November the operator and Jimmy Wardwell, lineman and general man in charge of the newly-constructed line, had hibernated together in the hildizens.

The last mile of the line was a cut around the base of a mighty hill, and the cut made a curving terrace, with the Root river below on one side and the rocky wall on the other. The distance to the last station was four miles, if one went straight over the high ridge that the track skirted.

To-day the ticker had joyously told the two men that their hibernation was ended. Then an engine and now a train had pushed through the cut and into the siding at Van Dorn's, where the expectant men greeted the crew with a cheer and a boiler of hot coffee. A construction train with material was due in a few hours, and the train dispatcher had wired instructions to hold the snowplow at Van Dorn's until the construction train should have arrived. The instrument on the table was still clicking merrily some further message, but the ticker suddenly stopped and no response flashed back. The operator watched the sounder, tested the instrument carefully and then whistled to Jim and the snowplow crew, who sat around the stove.

"Trouble on the line, Jim, somewhere—line is dead. Now what do you suppose is up? Circuit's broken between here and Elwood. Something more about the work train he wanted to say. Jimmy, lad, here's your first job this season—trouble, trouble, and the troubleman must bust it up."

Now Jimmy was a young lineman on his first season, and at the announcement of "trouble" he was in a fever to be up and doing, as a lineman must. "Troubleman" is the term applied to the men on each division who hasten to repair the wires whenever trouble occurs. Although Jimmy was division superintendent as well as lineman, trouble at Van Dorn's was scarce, and there had not been enough to take the boy 100 yards from camp all winter. By way of pastime he had improved himself in the art of the clicking keys, although he had been a fair operator before.

"You can't do much with it, lad, if it's a break," said the operator, "but just locate the trouble, and when the crew gets in there'll be help to raise the wires through those drifts. No need to worry, for the train will have a clear run from Elwood."

So Jimmy tramped gayly down the cut with his lineman's kit and pocket relay, which linemen seldom carry, as few of them understand telegraphy or have need to tap the wires. Half way around the curve, where the rock wall rose almost to the top of the pole, the young man found his trouble. A branch of a gnarled oak on the hillside had split from the trunk and had borne the wire down into the cut and buried it in the snow.

"Flag that train! Hold that train! Slide on the track in cut. This is Van Dorn's—Wardwell. Flag that train unless too late—too late."

Then the clicking sound brought Elwood's message: "What's that? What's that with you? Train coming in past siding now?" He evidently did not understand.

Jimmy fashed back one more desperate appeal:

"Slide in cut. Track destroyed. Flag train quick, quick, get out!"

No answer came, and in the darkness the lineman hammered unceasingly on the keys. "He'll do it, I know," he said, "but he's not up to the job."

W. W. GRAY: TUTORIAL ARTISTS.

CIRCUIT COURT DIRECTORY.

TUES.—First Monday in February—two weeks; third Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term two weeks.

WEDNESDAY.—Fourth Monday in February—term six weeks; First Monday in June—term four weeks; First Monday in September—term six weeks.

CAUCUS.—Second Monday in April—term three weeks; First Monday in August—term four weeks; Second Monday in November—term three weeks.

LYNCH.—First Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term two weeks.

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Special attention to patrons, clean lines, satisfactory service. Call and becooed.

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WEST SEVENTH STREET, OLD BUILDING.

Clean towels and everything fresh.

Give us a call.

W. M. TAYLOR, THE BARBER.

Assisted by a first class workman, am now to be found at 809 East Ninth street, where he will be pleased to all his former patrons.

I believe the whole hill is coming down!

Far up the dazzling bluff beat a white surf of heaving snow. It grew swiftly to a crumpled, rolling wall, with the tangled brush and timber disappearing beneath it. Along the wall about Jimmy, great drifts were falling suddenly into the cut, but it was not until the rushing snow was sweeping about his pole that the lineman dropped from his perch, to be buried beneath the dirty avalanche which ceded its wild career on the ice-bound river below. All traces of the railroad track were obliterated in its path.

The young lineman was senseless for a little while. When he recovered consciousness he perceived nothing but vague darkness about him. His body was numbed by the pressure of the snow, but his arms and head were free. His head struck the trunk of a tree when he struggled to sit up, and all about him the tangled branches held back the debris from above. He prodded the snow until he could drag his bruised body along the side of the wall, where he saw dimly that the brush and timber had fallen to form the narrow crevice which had saved his life.

A stealthy cracking and settling of the mass, with occasional slight falls of snow and fragments of rock and bark, made Jimmy think it would be dangerous to attempt to get out. But the April sun would swing around the western slope that afternoon, and so soften the snow that the masses above him would inevitably fall. Now or never he must get out. He crept along, crushing the snow down with a cold, taut wire running diagonally from the oak branches up along the wall.

The wire! It recalled the construction train! Had it left Elwood? Around the great base of the hill and into Van Dorn's cut it might be speeded, with the 90 men of the outfit, to be hurled over the bank into the river or dashed against the rocky wall. The hill had come just where the sharp curve hid the track ahead, and there could be no warning before the train dashed into the barricade of logs, snow and boulders.

The lineman lay face down, thinking of the jovial, red-shirted crew who had welcomed him kindly and considerably when he came, a "tenderfoot," into Van Dorn's rough camp. He must try to save those men.

Jimmy tried to crawl back, thinking dizzily that he might find an outlet and flag them if not too late. A mass of snow fell heavily into his former resting place, and he dug his way up over it until he struck the telegraph wire again and attempted to tear it away from his path. He took the clippers from his kit and snapped it off, and then a new idea flashed through his mind. Was the wire still intact beyond the avalanche?

Frenchmen who have risen to great heights of fame like to drop the prefix. Victor Hugo felt belittled when Lord Lyons addressed him as "M. Victor Hugo, Senator." He would have liked instead: "Victor Hugo, son d'Avignon" (l'Avignon Victor Hugo). Thiers, when president of the republic, remained "M. Thiers" on his visiting card. Gambetta was only "Leon Gambetta." The love of titles is just as barbarous in Greek, written in Roman letters. The imperial children are only once styled by professors and governesses by their official title. This done on the day in which they first see them. Ever after they are Nicholas, Alexandre, Oleg, Nicholaevna, or whatever their names may be.

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Then the sharp metallic clicking of the keys came with such startling swiftness that Jimmy struck back in the darkness with an awed cry.

"Train due Elwood 1:45. Through to Van Dorn's without stop, as instructed before. What's the matter with Van Dorn's? Nothing from there since snowplow arrived."

It was the man at the last station beyond Elwood who was talking.

The operator at Elwood began to reply, but Jimmy Wardwell, with a cry as if the instrument could voice his impotent protest, seized the relay with trembling fingers on the keys and broke it.

"Flag that train! Hold that train! Slide on the track in cut. This is Van Dorn's—Wardwell. Flag that train unless too late—too late."

Then the clicking sound brought Elwood's message: "What's that? What's that with you? Train coming in past siding now?" He evidently did not understand.

Jimmy fashed back one more desperate appeal:

"Slide in cut. Track destroyed. Flag train quick, quick, get out!"

No answer came, and in the darkness the lineman hammered unceasingly on the keys.

"I can't do much with it, said Jimmy, "but I'll climb the pole and look over the country."

While he was strapping his steel

spurs around his ankles he noticed that the hillside snow frequently overhung the rock wall and was dropping in sodden masses into the cut. When he had climbed to the cross-arms of the pole and glanced up at the shivering fads of the hilltop, 400 feet above him, a small cottonwood tree half way up the slope cracked sharply in two and fell down, now having its

trunk broken.

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HOME AFFAIRS.

The Tennessee river is frozen over to Tennessee.

There are only eight prisoners held in the county jail at this time.

Jas. A. Ramey, one of Madisonville's best citizens, died last Friday of spinal meningitis.

Mrs. Laura James, col., who lived near Kelly, died of pneumonia Tuesday. She was 26 years old.

Dr. E. N. Fruitt, dentist, office over City Bank, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Wild Geese Liniment cures rheumatism and neuralgia, 25¢ at all druggists.

For Sale—Scholarship in one of the best business colleges in the South, Apply at this office.

T. L. Porter, of Elizabethtown, has been re-elected tobacco inspector at Clarksville, after 124 ballots. The other election is in a deadlock.

A few boarders can secure good accommodation by applying at first house east of L. & N. railroad, on Seventh street (north side).

Dr. J. A. Southall, residence South Virginia street, office over Hopper Bros' store. Telephone. Residence 289, office 503 5.

Pastor Chas. H. Nash will preach his annual sermon next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and will extend the hand of fellowship to those who have been recently baptized. A full attendance of members is earnestly desired. The Lord's supper will be celebrated.

REALTY Transfers. Sallie W. Logan to Thos. M. Barker, tract of land, 238 acres, near Kennedy, \$4,140.

Wm. Gentry to J. W. Litchfield, tract of land on Gamp creek, \$100.

Jas. A. Boyd and wife to John C. Barnes, tract of land on Little river, \$80.

W. M. Bronaugh and wife to J. W. Crews, tract of land on Montgomery creek, \$1,200.

J. M. Fowler to John Wilson, house and lot in Gracy, \$50.

Mrs. Florence Young to J. Y. Goode, tract of land on Sand Lick, \$60.

Mrs. Lucy J. Elington E. H. Cobb, tract of land on East fork of Little River, \$1,837.

THREE GOOD MEN.

Senator Crenshaw on the Senate Contest Committee.

Frankfort, Jan. 4.—The Joint Committee was selected to day to try the gubernatorial contests.

In the Senate three Democrats, Frazer, Allen and Crenshaw, were drawn by lot. Senator Crenshaw is a Populist but was elected as a Democrat and was a strong Goebel man in the late election. The House will select 8 members, but this will not be done till late in the day.

The Trust Co., box 559 was delivered to the grand jury to day. No report has yet been given out.

BONDS CALLED IN.

The City Council's \$6,000 More Railroad Debts.

At the regular meeting of the Council Friday night the Council called in \$6,000 more of the O. V. Railroad bonds, making a total of \$51,000 paid under the Democratic Administration just turned out of office.

This leaves \$64,000 as the total indebtedness of the city.

WATCH FOR
SPECIAL SALE
next week at
FRANKEL'S.
Scholarship Free.

You may, by doing little writing at your home, secure scholarship, free in either Druggist's Practical Business College—Savannah, Nashville, St. Louis, Little Rock, Ft. Worth, Galveston, or Shreveport. Best patronized in the South. For particular addresses, The Illustrated Youth and Age, Nashville, Tenn.

BUY YOUR DO-
MESTICS and
LAWNS at
FRANKEL'S.

PERSONAL THINGS.

Miss Anna Bridger is visiting Friends at Elizabethtown. Mr. & Mrs. of Evansville, Ind., are in this city this week on business.

Mrs. M. Barnes of Evansville, is the guest of Mrs. L. N. Nash this week.

Mr. O. L. Bass and family have gone to Florida to spend some time.

Mr. Mason Bramham, of Owensboro, is here on a visit to his parents.

Mrs. Lizzie Clark and children have returned from a visit to relatives in Clarksville.

Dr. J. H. Wooley and wife, of Glasgow Junction, visited relatives near Bainbridge this week.

Dr. R. H. Perry, of Dawson, who spent Christmas week with his parents, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. J. D. Ware, Miss Mary Ware and Mrs. Ada T. Graham have gone to Georgia to spend the remainder of the winter.

Miss Bessie Stewart, of Madisonville, who has been the pleasant guest of Miss Mabel Stewart, for the past week, returned home Tuesday.

Messrs. F. A. and W. A. Wells who spent the holidays with Mr. W. S. Cheatham, have returned to their homes in Dinwiddie county, Va.

W. J. Cheatham, of Longview, after spending the holidays with his parents, returned Tuesday to Nashville to resume his studies in Vanderbilt Dental College.

Mr. J. D. Russell, manager of the Telephone exchange, went to Chicago Tuesday night in answer to a message stating that his mother was dangerously ill.

Charles E. Hale, of Greenwood, Miss., who visited his former home here last week, is in Hopkinsville spending a few days with his brother, Walter.—Mayfield Mirror.

Mr. Mirvin Gommer, of Chicago, Ark., who has been spending the holidays with relatives and friends in the city left Tuesday for Evansville where he will attend business college.

NOW IN SESSION.

Board of Equalization Canvassing
The Assessor's Books.

The Board of Equalization has been in session all week and will not adjourn until Tuesday. After this session of ten days, and an adjournment of five days, the board will meet again to hear complaints, if any, from parties whose assessments have been raised. The board is composed of the following gentlemen, all of whom are present:

Messrs. W. F. Garnett, C. A. Brashier, Thos. M. Barker, Thos. L. Ross, J. T. Walker, W. R. Reashaw and Geo. N. Johnson.

County Court Order.

John P. Thomas was yesterday appointed administrator of the estate of the late Hiriam A. Phelps with Mrs. Mary Thomas as surety. Messrs. R. E. Cooper, W. M. Hancock and E. M. Flack were named as appraisers.

ACUTE MANIA

Causes the Death of An Asylum Patient.

Mrs. Lizzie Zeiss, who was received at the asylum from Paducah about a month ago, died at the institution Wednesday night of acute mania. The remains were shipped to Paducah yesterday afternoon and will be interred to day.

Chicago Grain Market.

Chicago, Jan. 4.—(Special)—Wheat opened at 60 1/4 closed at 69 1/4. July wheat opened at 70 1/4, closed at 70 1/4. May corn opened at 33 1/4, closed at 33 1/4. Cash wheat.

Rain or Snow.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 4.—(Special)—Warmer, threatening weather to-night. Friday rain or snow.

FRANKEL'S

Have just received new line of fine dimities and INDIA LAWNS.

TRADE AND BUSINESS.

Miss Anna Bridger is visiting Friends at Elizabethtown. Mr. & Mrs. of Evansville, Ind., are in this city this week on business.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Jan. 3, 1900. The Hopkinsville Tobacco Exchange held their annual meeting to-day, which was the time for electing officers for the ensuing year.

The following members were elected:

Nat Gaither, President.

J. H. Eggleton, Vice President.

John Chappell, Second Vice President.

W. H. Faxon, Secretary and Treasurer.

COMMITTEE.

Committee on reclamation:

E. M. Flack and J. H. Eggleton, represent the buyers.

R. E. Cooper and M. H. Tandy, represent the warehousemen.

All other committees were elected as heretofore.

The market opened up to-day with the first sale of the year on the new crop, grown in 1899. Demand was good for everything on sale.

There was a full attendance of buyers and bidding was rather quiet, prices ruled firm. There was no good tobacco on sale as sellers wanted to see the strength of the market on common and medium grades. The outlook is fairly good, for thin market to do the usual amount of business this year.

QUOTATIONS.

Common lugs,..... 3 00@ 3 50

Medium lugs,..... 2 50@ 4 00

Good lugs,..... 4 50@ 5 00

Low Leaf,..... 5 00@ 5 50

Medium leaf,..... 5 50@ 7 00

Good, none on sale.

LADIES!

Are you ready to do your white sewing.

FRANKELS have received a full line of India Linens, Dimities and Nanooks.

HAVE

YOU

Any More

HOGS

To Kill?

IF SO,

BRING

US

YOUR

SAUSAGE

and BONES.

We Will Pay You Good Prices.

FRANKEL'S

Are clearing up winter Stock. Look out for advertisement.

W. T. COOPER & CO.

Wholesale and Retail GROCERS.

FRANKEL'S

Have just received new line of fine dimities and INDIA LAWNS.

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